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F.M. GLACKENS

EASTER

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WITH THE dawn of Easter Spring may be regarded as having arrived with a prospect of remaining over for a little. Personally Puck is glad of it. Doomed as he is for all time to go about in a pot hat and swallow-tail coat Winter is naturally not one of his favorite seasons, and he hails with real delight that little touch in the air that lightly turns the young man's fancy to thoughts of love, and brings a fuller crimson to the embonpoint of the robin. But it is not for this alone that Puck is glad of Easter time. Frankly he is glad that Lent is over and that a lot of people who have sworn off things are going to take them up again. There is the Street Cleaning Bureau for instance which for at least forty days has imposed upon itself the penance of inaction. Beginning with Easter Monday we understand an effort is to be made to provide New York with at least one clean highway. Which one this is to be we have not been informed. Whether it is to be in Manhattan, the Borough of the Bronx or in dear old Brooklyn deponent saith not, but it is to be and once again after many moons we may hope for a public thoroughfare where the wayfarer may walk without stepping ankle deep in the accumulated dirt of the winter, or temporarily losing the use of his eyes from the volumes of dust in the air. Then there is our cherished subway. That too, we are given to understand, with the expiration of the period of penance will begin to run again, so that the resident of Harlem who has to go to the battery to business will once more be reunited to his dear ones at home instead of having to spend his nights in Philadelphia or Atlantic City or some other suburb more convenient than Harlem to avoid risking his neck on Messrs. Ward and Gow's pretty little subterranean advertising project. That will be a great blessing, as will also be the settlement of those troubles down on Wall Street which are playing havoc with one of the staunchest financial institutions in the country which, we understand, is scheduled for Easter week, when Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harriman are



to bury the hatchet in each other's heads, whereby the public would most greatly profit, instead of in the neck of the Insurance Society over which they have been quarrelling ever since Ash Wednesday. And so the list stretches on. Easter Monday bids fair to be like another glad New Year that brings with it no end of bright prospects and relief from sodden care. Here's hail to it, and may the hours that intervene between this and that sweet dawning not move with laggard step. It has been a hard winter and the less it lingers in the lap of spring the better will every one be pleased.

WE RESPECTFULLY suggest to the people who think they own the New York Streets because they have cars running on, over and under them that they write the name Chicago in big red letters in places where they cannot fail constantly to be reminded of it. They are doing things to the street railway companies out there in that big progressive American City, and an example of the kind they are setting is more than likely to prove contagious. Boston to be sure might go in for all sorts of isms and no one outside of her classic shades be moved materially by her act. Similarly Philadelphia might do all sorts of strange things to the offender within her gates and no great world movement would be either set going or retarded thereby, but when old Chicago starts on the rampage it is just as well for all men to remember that there is something either doing or about to be done that is worth watching. Hence these people in New York who are daily outraging the public by their wretched apologies for transportation service will be wise to keep their weather eyes open for stormy times ahead. The temper of the New Yorker has been pretty sorely tried by the incompetent management of the subway and elevated roads, by the imminence of the thug in the manning of the surface lines, and the apparent general

indifference to public comfort and convenience on the part of all three. It is our own judgment that the time has gone by when any kind of reform will prove satisfactory to the people for the reason that they have no confidence in the permanence of any pledges for better conduct that the managers of the transportation companies may make. We are convinced that as surely as the day of Municipal Ownership has dawned in Chicago just so surely is it to dawn here, and for no other reason than that the busy men and women of this metropolis are sick and tired of the trifling of which the railway companies have been guilty and of which they are the victims. We stand a tremendous lot of corruption here in New York, always have, and probably always will; but inconvenience, discomfort, and impudence added to injury the New Yorker will not long endure. Of these we have been treated to an overlarge supply of late and out of it there will certainly come a movement closely allied to that which has latterly swept Chicago. Puck's advice to the stewards of Father Knickerbocker's transportation facilities is that they make ready for the evil day. A large number of cyclone cellars will be needed for Messrs. Bryan, Hedley, Belmont and the rest, and the sooner they order them built the better for their own comfort at the crucial hour.



ONE great social need in this country is a clearing house for wedding presents. A young woman prominent in society has recently been subjected to a great deal of unpleasant notoriety because she placed her duplicate wedding gifts in the hands of a dealer in second-hand jewelry and silverware to be disposed of. Much criticism of her act has been indulged in by the censorious, who appear to think that a bride who is the victim of sixty-two soupsureens and three or four dozen coffee spoons more than she can possibly find use for, should keep these articles forever merely because they happened to be given to her in celebration of her marriage. For our part, we think the young woman showed very great wisdom in the course she pursued. You don't think any less of your friends because you refuse to put their gifts into cold storage for all time, or any more of them because you retain their well meant but useless gifts to encumber your household until the crack of doom. Anyhow, as we understand the feelings of society toward the bride, it is that we all wish her every happiness. We want her to be happy in her home, to be surrounded by beautiful things which are pleasing to herself, and to find in no prospect a glimpse of the thing that grates upon her sensibilities. Therefore, if to be the possessor of a dozen and a half brass coal scuttles gets on her nerves, why should it not be her privilege to find some way of disposing of these things without the annoyance and chagrin of publicity and scarcely veiled criticism? She can hardly return the gifts to the donors. It would be embarrassing were she to request them to exchange them for something else, and yet in selling them she undoubtedly does run counter to an inherent sentiment in man that involves her in difficulties. The shortest and fittest way out of the complication would be the establishment of a clearing house for wedding presents, where brides would be credited with the things sent by their doting friends, and by which the receipts should be so manipulated that duplication could be prevented and the offending material act of a subsequent bargain and sale could be avoided.



Here is a chance for some reformer to take up a work of real benefit to society and of positive comfort to the brides of the future, who will thus be relieved of the chief embarrassment from which in these lavish times our Beatrices seem to suffer.

THE GRAND tour of the President is bringing out many interesting phases of his character. Chief Republican of his age, it appears that in Texas he is one of the best Democrats of his time. Query, will he be a Prohibitionist in Maine, a Municipal Ownercrat in Chicago and—oh, horrid thought!—a Mormon when he gets to Utah?

PUCK



A LOOK AHEAD.
COACHING IN THE HORSELESS AGE.

THE AUTO AND THE IDIOT.



THE AUTO and the Idiot
Came moting on the scene;
The air was full of violets
And odors fresh and clean —
And that was odd, because, you see,
Their fuel was gasoline.

The Auto and the Idiot
Ran bang into a fence.
"To steering," said the Idiot,
"I'm giving thought intense."
And that was odd, because, you know,
He had n't any sense.

Adown a pleasant country lane
They journeyed fast and far
Until they spied a gentleman
A-smoking his cigar.
"I'll hit him hard," the Auto cried,
"And minimize the jar."

Across the quiet gentleman
Right merrily they sped.
"Pedestrians should look alive,"
The busy Auto said —
And this remark was odd, because
The gentleman was dead.

Wallace Irwin.

UNQUESTIONABLY.

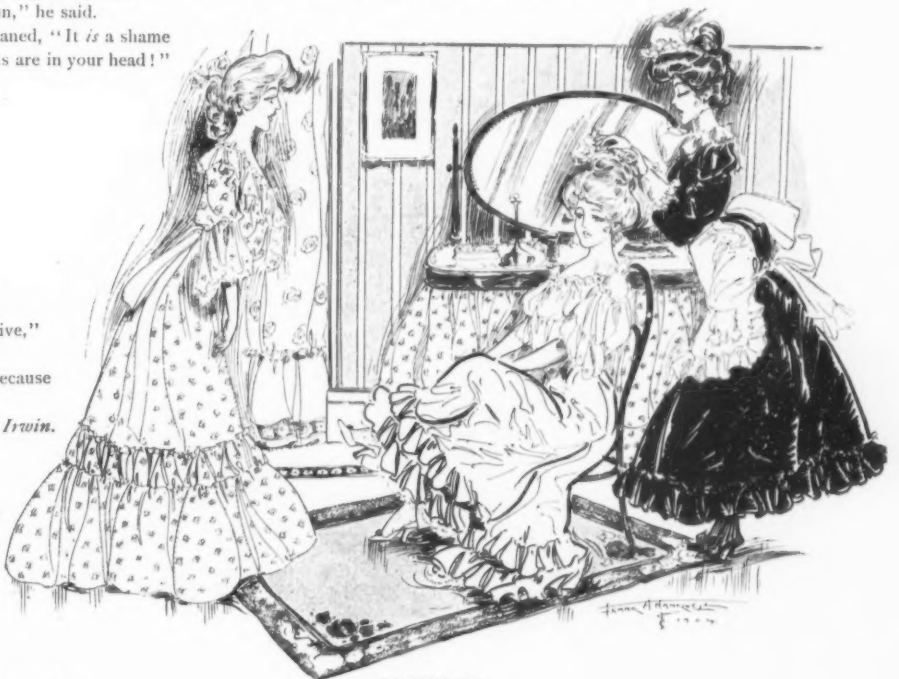
"IN THE bright lexicon of youth," quoth the college freshman grimly, "it may possibly be, as rumored, that there is no such word as fail. However —"
Here he released a cross between a whistle and a sigh.
"— I am tolerably well convinced that there is such a word as flunk."

ON THE BOSTON SUBWAY.

SUPERINTENDENT (to conductor).— This gentleman complains that you ordered him to step lively. What have you to say?
CONDUCTOR.— Well, sir, you see we were behind and —
SUPERINTENDENT.— That makes no difference whatever, sir. You should have said, Pedestrianate Precipitately.

BACK TO ERIN.

MR. GEERING.— Where is that French chauffeur that you had last summer?
MR. SPARKER.— He went back to Ireland.



GROUNDS.

EDYTHE.— Divorce! Well, I never! What grounds can she possibly have?
MAE.— The very best. A quarter-section in North Dakota and a three-acre plot at Newport.



CHATTERBOX PARTY.

TOM.—Belle says that parts of the play seem strangely familiar to her.
EDITH.—Hush! She saw it before, but does n't know it. Twenty girls from her Euchre Club went to see it together.

HER MOTHER'S RING.

THE CHURCH was crowded. And need we add, with a gathering of fashion? Scarcely.

Thus far, however, the bride and her attendants had been extremely fortunate. They had reached the altar with but trifling loss. The bride, a jabot of old lace which an admirer of her late grandmother, whose property it had been, had torn off in the vestry; the maid of honor, half the yoke of her Paris gown, three pearl buttons and a slipper. The casualties, otherwise, were few.

"With this ring I thee wed."

The time for the fateful words came soon. Silence, expectant silence, was upon all the church. Then, dropping a perpendicular which put geometry to shame, the 18 karat circle fell clinking from the best man's hand through a register in the sanctuary floor.

For an instant dismay, whereupon —

"Use this, Gwenny, dear," with perfect mental poise cried the maid of honor, stripping from her tapered finger a shining gold band, "Use this. 'Tis mother's. She was married twice with it and —"

"You treasure!" rapturously whispered the bride, while the rector beamed relief.

"—And she says she will never, no never, use another," the maid went tearfully on. "But how fortunate, how *very* fortunate, dear, that she left it in

my care while acquiring a residence in Dakota." A moment more, and the slip-knot had been tied.



NATIONAL PRIDE.

SIR ROTTYN ROWE.—All your—haw—really brilliant marriages are contracted in England, y' know.

MISS GAYSETT.—Perhaps, but that's *passé*. All our brilliant separations are strictly American.



STEAM HEATED TALES. BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

A FRIEND OF THE CHIPPERSONS.

AS THE cab reached the corner and turned, Mrs. Hillary Bowers leaned forward in her seat and hastily snatched a parting glimpse of No. 26. Upon the steps of No. 26, which like Nos. 24 and 28, was a four story apartment, she saw a pair of animated figures, a man and a woman. The man, in what very evidently were his best clothes, was waving a dotted blue and white handkerchief with splendid fervor. The woman, most of whose apparel a huge checked apron effectually hid, was flapping with equal vigor a striped dish-towel. The hair of both man and woman was verging on the gray.

"Well, I do hope," said Mrs. Hillary Bowers, as the house on the corner opposite shut No. 26 from view; "I do hope," she repeated, "that nothing goes amiss with them. If it did, I should never forgive myself, never, for suggesting that they come."

"Nonsense!" cried no less a personage than Hillary Bowers himself, making the while a compact bundle out of two steamer rugs. "What could possibly happen to them? Father-in-law was n't born yesterday, and neither was your mother."

"I know," said Mrs. Bowers, "but there are so many things about a flat that country people are n't used to."

"All modern inconveniences, as it were," her husband remarked. "Well, at any rate, don't let us spoil our own outing with fancied worries over their's. It is an outing for them, remember; and this, my dear, is a pleasure trip *we* started on."

When Mr. and Mrs. Esau Tompkins of Foster's Neck two days before had arrived at No. 26, their coming was no surprise. They had been hourly awaited, and by Mr. and Mrs. Hillary Bowers, their son-in-law and daughter respectively. Their's was not a visit in the ordinary sense of the term. They came, it is true, as guests, but after forty-eight fleeting hours, they were to remain as sole occupants, as full fledged flat-dwellers, while the Hillary Bowers, with tropical togs equipped, sailed away on a three weeks' personally conducted, all-expenses-included-save-private-wines-and-stewards' fees West Indian cruise.

Life on the top strata of a four layer domicile was all of a novelty to the Esau Tompkins of Foster's Neck. The forty-eight preliminary hours passed, the cab turned the corner, the dotted handkerchief and the striped dish-towel were restored to their normal positions and functions, and the Esau Tompkins, man and wife, started house-keeping with the aid of the Bowers' tradesmen at an altitude much higher than they had ever before attained.

Beyond, however, an occasional tendency to speak of the dumb-waiter as "the well," and to marvel that he should haul daily on a rope, not for water clear and cool, but for milk, meat and groceries; and beyond a habit of sitting in the tiny kitchen to the almost total ostracism of the other rooms except at bed time—a habit acquired by life-long association with the spacious kitchen at Foster's Neck—Father Tompkins fitted with little friction into his temporary environment. Even easier did Mother Tompkins fit, the lessening of "the chores" by means of a gas range, a built-in ice-box, electric light and sundry buttons and bells signifying more to her than any male Foster's Neckite could possibly divine.

It was half-past eight on the evening of the day that the Hillary Bowers departed. Long since had the Janitor of Nos. 24, 26 and 28 switched on the lights in the modest foyer, on the stair landings, up and down, and within the ground glass globes, sturdily pedestalled, that flanked the steps outside. In two hours or so, he would return and reduce materially the dazzling brilliancy

thus caused, but at half-past eight, when Mr. Wappingford Morton sought the third floor, the effulgent flood had yet to recede. Which made it seem moderately odd, at least from Morton's standpoint, that a gentleman rather rural in his make-up, and carrying a bent-iron lantern belonging to the period of the cosy corner, should be vigorously trying the Morton door, just as Morton himself hove in sight of it.

"Hello there! What's the trouble?" was the latter's most natural inquiry.

"Nary a trouble," cried he of the lantern cheerily. "Only makin' sure, before goin' t' bed, that everything's ship-shape around the house. Hillary, m' son-in-law, he says t' me to-day, jus' before leavin': 'Constubble'—I'm constubble up at Foster's Neck—'Constubble, take good keer of the house,' and by George! I says t' Mother afterward, says I, 'I'll take as good keer of Hillary Bowers' place, bottom to top, as I do of m' own when I'm there,' and no man can do more 'n that. Tell y' what it is, in *my* mind, most of these city house breakins, stealin's and cuttin's up gen'ally are jus' due t' rank carelessness and t' nothin' else."

Lantern still in hand, Father Tompkins—for it was he—resumed his self-imposed rounds, and Wappingford Morton, grasping gradually a situation that had at first eluded him, grinned as he heard the Bailey's door-knob turn below, and below that, the Wick's. Then from the head of the dark cellar stair, there arose the sharp crackling of a match.

"He's lighting the lantern," said the third floor tenant, "and now if he is n't in the cellar! Jove! I must call my wife."

And with this irregular introduction to one—which was really no introduction at all—the Esau Tompkins of Foster's Neck became within a week acquainted with all the inhabitants of No. 26. Moreover, Mother Tompkins, being in addition to a famous cook, a notably generous one, sent convincing specimens of her handiwork, in the form of pie, crullers and old-fashioned cornbread, to the Mortons, the Baileys and the Wicks. Whereupon, acquaintance mellowed into friendship, and in a portentous chain of circumstances, the first link all unconsciously was forged.

For the initial time since his arrival at No. 26, Father Tompkins was alone. Three times within ten minutes, he had shifted the angle of his chair-back to the wall, and his slippered feet to the gas range, and he was growing pettish.

"Swoshed if I can see a thing in these here flat-house kitchens," he muttered to himself. "Why, they ain't fit for nothin' but t' cook and wash dishes in. No place at all where a man can stretch out easy-like and put his feet up; no place at all."

A well-bred rap at the door up the hall interrupted his complaint, and without, when he opened it, the Constable of Foster's Neck saw a dapper young gentleman with a card in his neatly-gloved hand, and a suit-case on the carpet beside him.

"Excuse the liberty of knocking," the dapper young gentleman began; "but perhaps you can tell me if a family named Chipperson lived lately in this house?"

"Chipperson," repeated Mr. Tompkins slowly. "Mebbe, but I d' know 'em. I'm a stranger here m'self, almost."

The dapper young gentleman was no less suave when he spoke again.

"Possibly," he ventured, with a smile, "the family down-stairs might know."

"Possibly they might; but I tell you what it is, young feller," Father Tompkins said, "this is a bad afternoon to be lookin' for folks around here. There ain't a soul in the house but me; not even the hired gals, this bein' Thursday. My wife, and Mrs. Morton down-



"Possibly," he ventured with a smile, "the family down stairs might know."



PUCK

stairs, and Mrs. Bailey and her two darters on the floor jus' below agen, and Mrs. Wicks and a friend of hern, and her cousin, Miss Payne, as lives with her on the first floor, all lit out 'bout an hour ago for one of them variety vaudevillies, and there won't none of 'em get back a mite before six."

"And there is no one else?" asked the dapper person, smiling still, but evidently much perplexed.

"There 's the janitor," said Father Tompkins, thoughtfully. "He ought t' know, I s'pose, if anybody ought—but shucks! The janitor won't be back till seven, when he 'tends t' the fires. Guess you'll have to call again, young feller."

"It 's extremely annoying," the young inquirer said, taking up the suit case, "but I 'm not likely to be in this neighborhood again for quite some time"—and here the smile waned a trifle.

"Skimp," he whispered, when the Bowers' door was shut, and he was joined in the hall below by a soft-soled young gentleman having no claims whatever to dapperness. "Skimp, hike to the vestibule and mind your bells. We can go through this one like beer through a tap."

"Say," said the other, with a rasp, "he had th' information bureaus skinned t' death, did n't he?"

"That 's what he did, all right," quoth the dapper young gentleman

"Esau," said Mother Tompkins with a shake of her head, after Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. Bailey and her two daughters, and Mrs. Wicks and her cousin Miss Payne, and the janitor, and two big policemen, and the Captain of the Precinct and two red-faced men with mysterious voices, who looked wise and asked foolish questions and jotted things down in little memorandum books, had withdrawn to their various stations and station houses, "Esau, it 's downright scandalous! If

it was n't that I'd promised Peg and Hillary, I would n't stay in this wicked city another livin' minute. The idea of a house, three floors of it, being robbed in broad day-light, and with two of them detective men standing close by on the corner. How do you suppose they knew there was nobody home?"

"Who? The detectives? Oh, you mean the thieves. Well," the constable of Foster's Neck remarked deliberately, "while the folks was all here, I did n't keer to say anythin', but I should n't be the leas' mite surprised, not the leas' mite, if them very detective fellers was in league with 'em all the time. By cracky! unless you read the papers regular, y' can't form no idea of the corruption of these here city police."



Men who looked wise and asked foolish questions.

"Then it 's shameful!" cried Mother Tompkins. "To think that down in Mrs. Morton's and Mrs. Bailey's and Mrs. Wick's, the bureau drawers were pulled right out and what was in 'em turned topsy-turvy on the bed."

"And gosh-a-mighty!" Father Tompkins burst forth, "and t' think that all the while it was goin' on, here was me upstairs jus' as innocent as a shoat."

"And you did n't see nobody, nor hear nothing, Esau?" his wife inquired.

"I 'm tellin' ye, no!" cried Father Tompkins, with impressive emphasis. "I did n't see a soul the hull afternoon 'cept the feller who was askin' for the Chipper-sons. He was a fine-lookin' feller; looked a lot like that shoe drummer who boarded last summer with the Hep-worths."

"And it could n't have been him, Esau?"

"Him! Why, hoddurn it, Molly, he was a gentleman. That 's why I did n't mention him when the red-faced feller asked if I'd seen anythin' suspicious. Thinks I: 'He were n't suspicious. I know a house-

breaker when I see one, I reckon. I ain't been around the Foster's Neck Lock-up forty years f' nothin'."

"Oh, t' be sure," the Constable continued, rising to the highest level of satire, "housebreakers come up an' knock at yer door. Housebreakers wear good clothes an' act polite. Housebreakers leave their masks and their black-jacks and their pryin' irons with the janitor. Yes," and this with

superb sarcasm—"Housebreakers are always inquiren' for families named Chipperson."

In reply, Mother Tompkins merely sighed, but it was a sigh full of despair at the sinfulness of cities.

"If they'd ha' met me, they'd ha' got it, though," Father Tompkins declared. "But what I want to know now is, how in June thunder did they find out I was home."

Still Mother Tompkins made no answer.

"C'ruption 's at the bottom of it," he added sagely, and reached for the bent-iron lantern.

Next Week—

The Site of the Sisters Beasley.

THE INITIAL P'S MOVEMENT.

THE letters said, "Let 's break the spell Of war. How can we do it?" Cried P, "My friends, I stand for Peace! Let us begin with Bullet. If you 'll put me in place of B, I 'll raise you a fat Pullet. And once again into the breach I 'd like to push—take Cartridge. Just bite off C and put in me And I 'll let fly a Partridge. Then I 'll give place, I 've done my share; No more I 'll stand for Powder. A soft ch in place of P Will give just harmless Chowder." Thus words which play a dreadful part Yield to the spell of P'sful art.

Laura G. Woodberry.

DEFINED.

"PA, what does 'spurn' mean?"

"That, my son, is what a man does to another man whom he can't lick."



AN EASTER CUT.

YOUNG MRS. BUNNY.—Don't recognize him, my son. His conceit has been quite insufferable since he posed for those candy rabbits.



HER LEGAL ASPECTS.

SHE.—Mama, you know, is quite a judge of human nature.

HE.—Judge! Gad! Sometimes she's more like a prosecuting attorney.

PUCK

WHY?

WHY NEED a pretty woman chat
When, from her sweet shut lips
A language, well worth looking at,
In silent utterance slips?

Why need a clever woman speak
Her wit or wisdom, for
Each man she meets, dull, mild or meek
Feels her superior?

Why need an ugly — No. I fall
Back to one simple cry —
Why, why need women speak,
at all?

There is *no* reason why!
Madeline Bridges.

A BAD INVESTMENT.

"I SAY, Scribble,
some American
millionaire has bought
the original manuscript
of *Paradise Lost* for \$25,000."

"Well, he's been buncoed, that's all.
There ain't an editor living that'll print
the thing."



REASONABLE.

CHURCH WORKER. — Would you assist us, good sir, to send
a missionary to the cannibals?

MR. GOTROX. — Not much — I'm a vegetarian — but I'll
assist you to send them some easily digested cereal!

THE EVER FAITHFUL DELEGATE.

"THE WAGES of sin is death," cried the minister, waxing warm in
his discourse.

"Thin we'll stroike until they raise thim," said the sleepy Walk-
ing Delegate, dozing in the rear pew.

AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE.

"THERE'S one thing about the negro problem that seems to have
escaped the agitators," said Criticus. "If we did n't have the
darkey, where under heaven could we get our coon songs?"

SOME people don't seem to know the Inevitable when they see it.
These, not infrequently, succeed greatly.

EASTER OBSERVANCE.

POKES, picture hats, and toques, and flats —
Blushes and dimples, smiles and curls;
The girls see nothing but the hats,
The men see nothing but the girls.

ENVIRONMENT, of course, has much to do with physical develop-
ment, but streets of gold would n't put wings on some people.



AN EASTER EPISODE.

WHEN TEDDY TODDLE LOST THE NODDLE OF HIS EASTER BUNNY,

A BOOBY BUG SUPPLIED A MUG EXTRAVAGANTLY FUNNY!



TALENT REWARDED.

FEMININE ART STUDENT.—What became of Mr. Hilight who showed such talent here last term? None of his work has been published, has it?

MASCULINE ART STUDENT.—Oh yes, but it is n't signed. Hilight's on *The Evening Saffron*. He draws those crosses in photographs which show where the crime was committed.

HERR BEELZEBUB,

PRINCE OF IMPRESSARIOS,

Begs to announce the reopening of his Opera Season on Monday, April 24, in an elaborate production of

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

New Singers, New Songs, everything new and up-to-date.

Largest and most magnificent opera organization on the globe! The most stars, the biggest chorus, the vastest orchestra, the finest scenery, the most gorgeous ballet. Opera school crowded with talented and aspiring neophytes.

Scores of tenors and sopranos new to the public, whose appearance will create a sensation.

Box Office Now Open. Tickets Free.
BEWARE OF SPECULATORS!

Splendid revival of the old favorite

"WINE, WOMEN AND SONG."

"Better than Ibsen."—*William Winter*.

"PARSIFAL" (A New Version).

Special ballet of flower maidens.

"More sincere than Wagner."—*James Huneker*.

"THE WAGES OF SIN."

First appearance in this classic of one of Herr Beelzebub's best tenors "finds."

"An unquestionable success."—*Sun*.

"The Devil Take the Hindmost."

"Proved a great big laughing hit."—*Herald*.

Special All-Star production of

"FAUST."

For the benefit of Herr Beelzebub, who will appear in the title role.

"Will be looked for as eagerly as 'Die Fledermaus.'"—*Evening Post*.





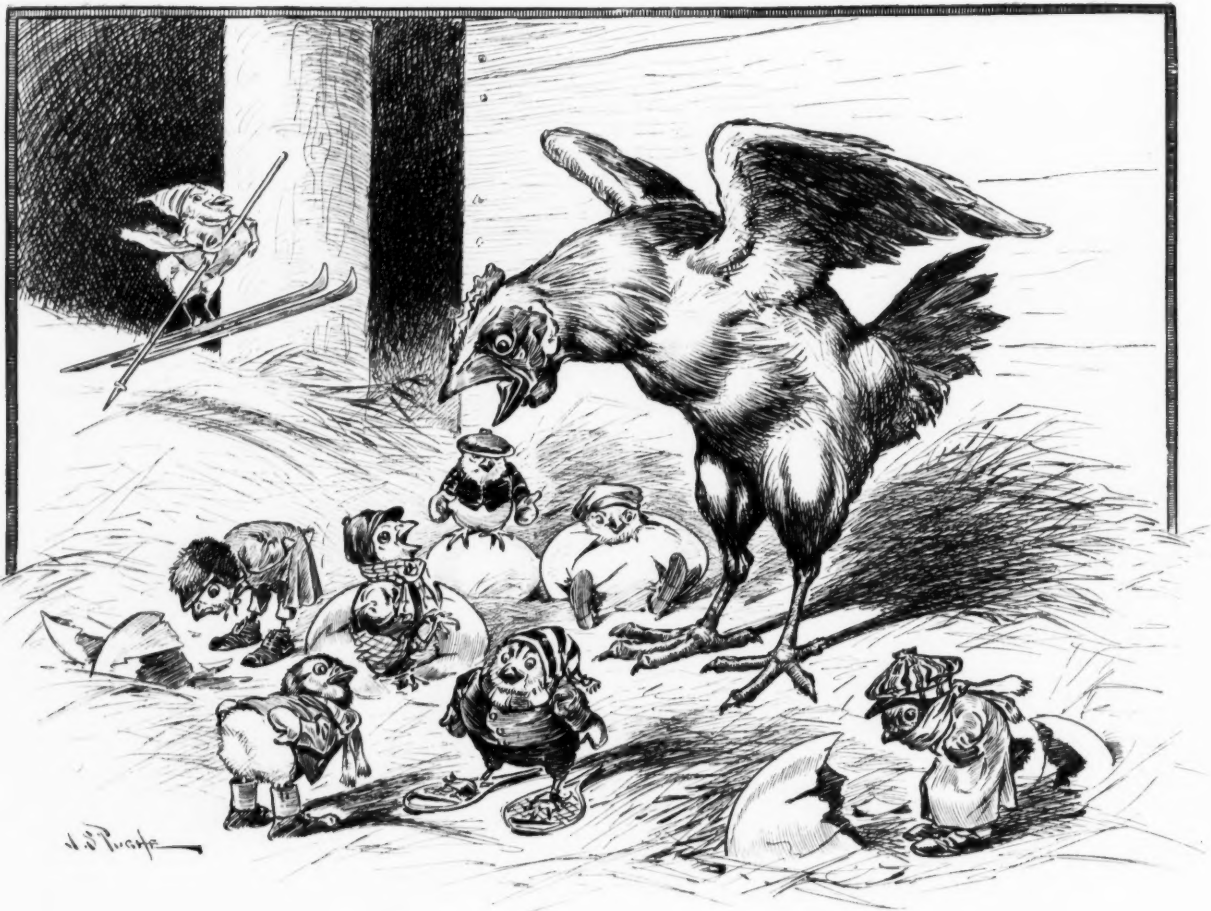
THE RIV

Who hath not owned, with
The power of grace. — Cam



THE RIVALS.

not owned, with rapture smitten frame,
of grace. — Campbell.



FRIGID POULTRY.

MOTHER BIDDY.—Oh, duck! This is what comes of setting on those cold storage eggs.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN—

THAT Governor Vardaman has issued a proclamation forbidding the circulation of colored eggs in Mississippi at Easter;

That President Roosevelt swore off his second term aspirations only for Lent and that subsequent to Easter his boom will flourish like a green bay tree;

That as soon as Easter Monday dawns, William R. Hearst, Bourke Cochran, Thomas W. Lawson, Carrie Nation and Dowie are going to begin again;

That when Lent is over, John D. Rockefeller's money will be just as welcome to the heathen as ever it was;

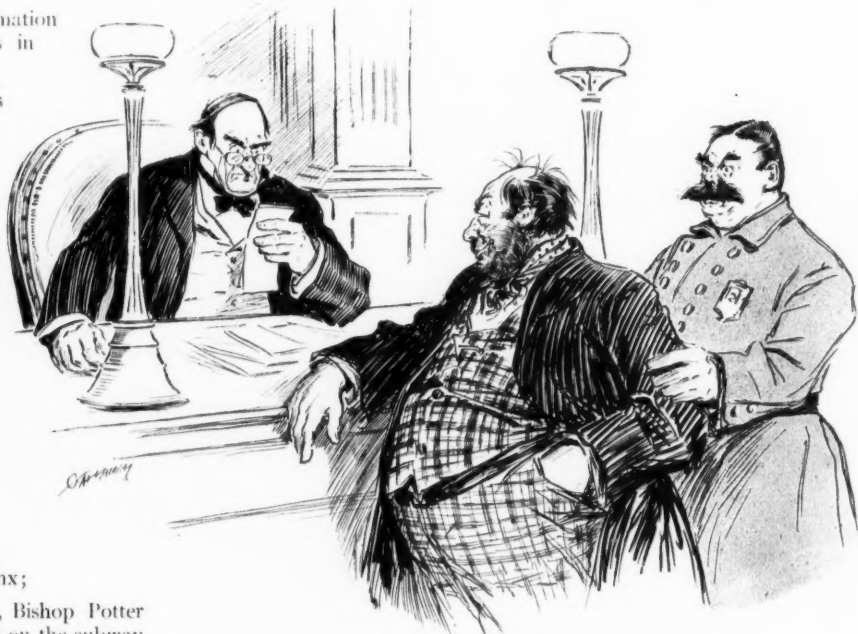
That General Kuropatkin has retained command of the Russian Army for six weeks past merely as penance for his sins;

That the Czar is actually so hard up for ready money that he has countermanded the Czarina's order for a new Spring crown;

That after Lent is over, Mr. Metcalfe will be admitted to all New York theatres north of the Bronx;

That after the experience of the past six weeks, Bishop Potter will announce that in future Lenten periods, riding on the subway will be regarded as a sufficient penance for all true Episcopalians;

That on Easter Sunday, in all churches, there will be a special dispensation relieving all cash contributions of whatever taint they may intrinsically possess.



REPARTEE.

JUDGE.—Six months!

COS COR CON.—Ah, wot a relief! Now I kin stop worrying about where I'm going ter spend de summer.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.



VILLANELLE.

SWEETHEART, I were a happy man,
A thousand thrills my heart would know,
Could I but read thy scented fan—

Read that which, since our love began,
Thou 'st whispered to it soft and low, —
Sweetheart, I were a happy man.

In vain its sphinx-like face I scan:
No whispered words, no secrets show
Could I but read thy scented fan!

Fashioned of silk in far Japan,
A trifle fetched from Tokyo.
Sweetheart, I were a happy man

If Love the wise Magician
Clairvoyant vision would bestow, —
Could I but read thy scented fan.

Love's runic writing — read who can —
Soft-whispered secrets all a-row.
Sweetheart, I were a happy man
Could I but read thy scented fan.

B. L. T.



THE STAR-LIT PATHS OF LOVELY LONELYVILLE

"I DECLARE," fumed Mr. Isolate, addressing his suburban friend, Mr. Hermitage, as he was returning home from business the other evening, "I don't believe I ever fully realized how helpless and fretty the average city person is until last night, when I brought my wife's brother, Mr. Citily, of New York, out to stay over night with us. They don't appear to be able to see their hands before their faces after sundown unless they are directly under one of those abominable blinding electric arc lights."

"The kerosene lamp that the railroad company has on its post to light up the station platform was burning, and yet if I had n't grabbed Citily by the arm and pulled him aside he would certainly have put his foot through that hole in the boards of the platform at the north end of the station in the shadow—you know where it is—and undoubtedly broken his leg. Then, no sooner had we left the one hundred feet of stone flagging in front of the grocery and meat market and were on the dirt and cinder path, he stubbed his toe on the very first random stone that stood up a couple of inches or so above the level of the path, and, he claimed, ruined his patent-leather shoe; and, as if that had not taught him to lift his feet, we had barely gone sixty feet before he caught the other foot under the root of that big elm in front of Mr. Borrow-

all's house that projects across the path just above the surface of the ground—you know it—and went

down in a swearing, gesticulating heap.

"Look here!" said I, disgustedly, "if you can't see where you are going any better than that one hour after sundown, you just fall in behind me, and I will call out when you are to veer to the right or left or step over things, or walk on your heels (you might know he did n't have on any rubbers). Stop swearing. Now, forward, march!"

"It's as dark as the inside of a Mammoth Cave!" he said. "I'm going to take hold of your coat-tails if you don't mind."

"We walk out in the road, here," I said, ignoring his remarks.

"Why, the path seems to be unusually smooth and level ahead," he said.

"That is two feet of water over it that you see, you idiot," I could n't help exclaiming, testily. "It dips down below into the level of the road for a distance of forty or fifty feet, and is naturally always covered by water for a day or two after a heavy rain. Now, we take to it again; but you'd better walk on your heels for about twenty feet, and be careful you don't slip up." It warned him; and I had n't spoken any more than just in time, for one of his feet flew out from under him, and he only saved himself by grabbing me around the neck and nearly pulling me down.

"Now, look here," I had to slow down and say to him when we got to Salt-Meadow Lane, "we cross this street on a plank with a crack down the middle of it, and if you don't step very gingerly on it, it will squirt dirty water on your pants' legs. If you get soaked, don't blame me."

"Anybody would have thought that he would have been able to get over it after that, but he did n't."

When we were exactly in the middle he stepped off the plank with one foot, and when he felt the soft mud give under his foot he lost his head entirely and gave a jump; the plank went down 'kerchug!' into the soft mud, naturally; the water squirted up through the crack in a small geyser, and I thought we would both of us be covered with it; but I was almost glad to find that I had escaped miraculously and he had gotten a deserved soaking. I just did n't care!

"There are five large stones and one root right in the middle of the path ahead," I said, when we had crossed the lane, with as much composure as I could assume, considering that he laid the whole blame of his wetting onto me and our pretty shady walks, instead of to his own awkwardness; "—this is the first stone (he got over it O. K.). Now, two steps and we come to the second one—

lift your feet high (he made it all right). Now, the third one. Look out!"

I exclaimed, "keep right in

the middle of the walk!" But I was n't quick enough. In trying to step around the third stone, instead of over it, he had brushed up against Mr. Wetcellar's barbed wire fence. There was a 'rip!' and he had torn a six-inch hole in his coat.

"Just how I managed to get that helpless city man over the rest of the way to our house without his tearing all the clothes off his back by getting out of the middle of the path and rubbing up against the blackberry bushes, and stepping down into every hole and wash—but that I warned him to step over—I don't know. But I did n't get any thanks for it! I declare if he did n't persist in not doing a thing for half the time he stayed with us but kick about our quiet pretty star-lit dirt and cinder walks, and try to draw invidious comparisons between rural lovely Lonelyville and the prosaic artificial city!"

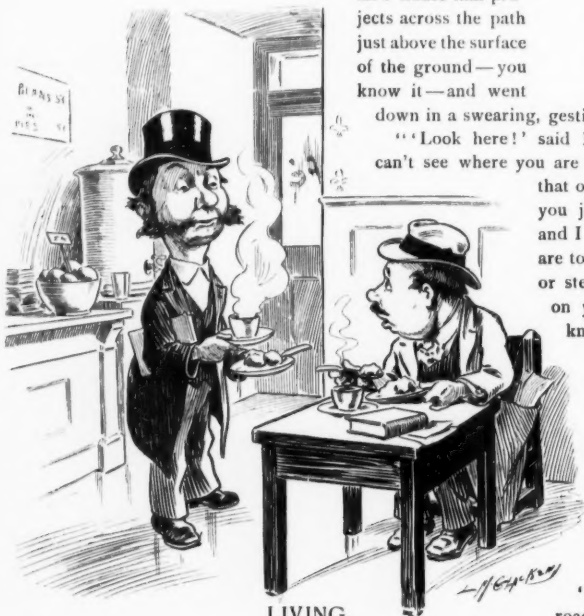
Con. C. Converse.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

NOVELIST.—I think the majority of people sleep too much.

ETHEL.—And still you keep on writing books.



LIVING.

BOOK AGENT.—Is Billings still selling that book, "How to Live on Fifty Cents a Day"?

STANDARD WORK PEDDLER.—No, he did n't make over four dollars a day selling it, and he could n't live on that, you know.

It is very seldom that revenge is as sweet as the recipe indicated that it would be.

BARBERS' ENDORSEMENTS



HERE seems to be a distinction in the minds of many barbers between endorsing a soap and using it. The barbers whose signatures appear in this advertisement as endorsing COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP are a few of those who do more than merely endorse—they use. Colgate's Shaving Soap is never given away for a recommendation.

Read These and Judge for Yourself

New York, March 22, 1905.

Messrs. Colgate & Co.

Dear Sirs: In spite of any statement to the contrary, I am using Colgate's Shaving Soap, because I think it is the best.

Vernon H. Hakler

72 Wall Street.

V. Engelhart

20 Union Square.

Adam Miller

Union League Club.

Albert Kugel

St. Paul Building.

Philip Hornig

42 Broadway Building.

J. George

New Jersey Central R. R. Building.

Dr. Weissigacher

Buckingham Hotel.

J. W. W.

University Club.

B. Brumman

Hotel Empire.

John Harrison

Postal Telegraph Building.

J. Kuyper

Hotel Manhattan.

New York, March 20, 1905.

Messrs. Colgate & Co.

Dear Sirs: I BUY Colgate's Shaving Soap for use in my shop. If I use any other shaving soap it is because it is given to me, or because I have bought a small amount to please a salesman.

August Reinhardt

Equitable Building

Peter Wolf

Arthur Building,
74 Broadway,
formerly New York
Stock Exchange.

Adam Otto

Consolidated Stock
Exchange.

Henry Butterman

Whitehall Building.



IGHT years ago COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP, original in shape, perfume and chemical composition, was introduced to the public. Surely and steadily its deserved popularity has increased, until now our largest competitors have found it necessary to change their time-worn methods, and to IMITATE, in shape, number of cakes to the roll, etc., the only soap that modern requirements demand. This imitation goes no further than appearance. In all the qualities that have made Colgate's Shaving Soap popular, it still remains unapproachable.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

Makers of Fine Soaps and Perfumes

New York



ON THE HONEYMOON.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Do you think the people here suspect we are newly married?

MR. NEWLYWED.—No; we've fooled them completely. In fact, half the people here imagine we are not married at all.

MY LAST TIGER.

IN THE middle of the desert, in the moonlight, we crouched face to face, and neither of us dared to move. It was near midnight; but the tropical full moon made the scene as bright as day. The white sands of the desert lay glittering like diamonds in the flood of silver light; and a solitary cocoanut tree, which stood out in strong relief some distance away, cast at its foot an inky shadow. And there before me, not more than seven feet distant, was the tiger.

There it crouched, its fiery eyes fixed upon me, and its long tail switching writhingly backward and forward, jerking occasionally with that peculiar nervousness which a cat manifests as it crouches over a mouse. It had gathered itself together for a spring; and it would, I knew, at the least movement on my part, hurl its huge, gaunt body upon me. I had, on first discovering the tiger, snatched up my rifle and raised it to my shoulder; and it was then that, in a twinkling of an eye, the brute had assumed its threatening attitude. The rifle had immediately become useless; my right hand grasped the stock at a point about three inches behind the lock, and I dared not move it forward with any perceptible motion for fear of precipitating the tiger's leap.

I feared that even the involuntary twitching of an eyelid might prove the signal for my death. Slowly, however, very slowly, more slowly than I can describe it, I was slipping my hand forward along the stock, keeping my eyes fixed all the while upon the glowing orbs of the tiger. The suspense was truly awful.

The tiger's thoughts, meanwhile, must have been very similar to mine. He evidently mistrusted the long, polished barrel of my rifle: peradventure he was acquainted with firearms from experience; or, what is more probable, he may have seen them used with deadly effect upon some unfortunate companion. At all events, he seemed to understand that I held a death-dealing instrument in my hands; and he probably knew that if he were to spring at me and miss me, he should not live to make a second attempt. That was an intelligent tiger; and I believe he knew as well as I did that when he leaped one of us must die; and it was the uncertainty as to which one it would be, that made him hesitate—and made me hesitate. So there in the moonlight we crouched face to face, and neither of us dared to move.

The seconds dragged themselves out to the length of minutes, and the minutes, to the length of hours. My finger was now within an inch and a half of the lock. Still I stared fixedly at the tiger's eyes. He cast scarcely any shadow, the moon being then high in the heavens; and how plainly and clearly did every detail of his body—every curve and angle, every line, every hair, almost—show in the strong white moonlight. His glossy orange-and-black-striped skin quivered slightly as the muscles beneath became tense. And still that long, snake-like tail jerked first around on one side, and then around on the other; followed always by its snaky, black shadow on the dazzling white moon-lit sand.

Slowly and painfully the seconds crept away. I realized that I could not maintain my crouching position another minute without moving. I ached in every inch of my body. I felt that every muscle must snap in twain. Just then my finger touched the trigger. I pulled it. The hammer fell with a loud click; and, horrified, I remembered that the rifle was not loaded. And at the same instant the tiger was upon me.

Five weeks later a party of explorers found, near the foot of a cocoanut tree, a clean-picked skeleton. It was mine.

William Arnold Jacobs.

THIS is a work-a-day world with, however, a fairly strong inclination to work a day and loaf two or three.



ON PARADE.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—You can always tell a military man. See how that one carries himself.

WILKINS (to himself).—Gee! If this stiff neck does n't limber up by night, I'll break it, that's all!

In the pursuit of the dollar we find that it is not always speed that pays in the long run.



FORD Model F
Price \$1200.00

A Chapter on Maintenance

There is a proper relation between weight and its distribution; power and its application and the quality of material and workmanship, which together determine the cost of maintenance of an Automobile.

Let us send you a booklet giving valuable data and information on the important subject of "Maintenance" with letters from Ford users. Write for it today.

The Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

FIRST PREMIUM
Awarded by
American
Automobile
Users

Canadian trade
supplied by the
Ford Motor
Co. of Can.,
Ltd., Walk-
erville,
Ont.

A NEW ANTI-AMERICAN society has been organized in Vienna. This country will be conducted at the old stand, however, until further notice.

WHILE AT Genoa, on his travels, Secretary Hay paid a visit to the home of one Columbus, the originator of the American policy of expansion.

RACING AUTOS against policemen's bicycles has taken the place of fox and hounds with the smart set. But even that fad must eventually become a bore.

MR. McADOO tells the Presbyterian Union that ministers "cannot compete with a sensational press." The press has troubles of its own competing with a sensational pulpit.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



Drawn for Eastman Kodak Co., by Edward Penfield.

Bring your Vacation Home in a

KODAK

Add to the after-delights of your holiday with pictures of the people, the places and the sports you are interested in. Every step easy by the Kodak System.

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$108.00. Brownies, \$1.00 to \$9.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogs at the
dealers or by mail.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

"An Object Lesson"

These faces show the difference between Williams' Shaving Soap and other kinds. The lather of most soaps is thin and watery, and as soon as it is applied to the face begins to evaporate. It appears full of little pin holes (see face No. 1); the skin becomes hard and dry; the face burns and itches; it's torture to shave with such soap.

The lather of Williams' Soap is always thick, moist and creamy (see face No. 2); it softens the beard, makes the skin soft, pliable and velvety, and renders shaving easy and agreeable. Don't experiment on your face with other kinds. Insist on Williams'.

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER AND JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK (TRIAL SIZE) SENT FOR 4c. IN STAMPS

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress"

Now is the time when the prudent mountain lion, with a fondness for longevity, goes deep into his den and pulls it in after him.

IF NEW YORK's Board of Aldermen should really be abolished, whatever will become of that vast body of worthy mortals known broadly as "constitooents?"

COMMISSIONER McADOO got a letter from Chinatown recently, stating that some of his detectives are petty grafters. Further proof that some of our most fundamental truths come to us from the Chinese.

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

This illustrates Razor ready for Adjustment



This is a low average of the number of shaves that can be secured with a

Gillette Safety Razor

With each razor there are twelve double edged blades of wafer steel, tempered so hard, by our secret process, they must be ground with Diamond Dust, and so perfectly sharpened, every one will give from ten to forty delightful, velvety shaves **without stropping**. When they are dull we will send you one new blade for every two returned to us. Repeated exchanging in this way gives you an equivalent of twenty-two blades with every outfit. After they are all used, new ones can be purchased at so low a price that your shaving will cost you but a **fraction of a cent a shave**.

Gillette Sales Co., New York. Gentlemen—I bought one of your razors last September and I would not sell it for many times its value if I could not get another. In fact it is the only razor. I have used one blade sixty-two times and am still using it. We have a chain of 26 banks and several of our boys have bought the razor from seeing mine.

Respectfully, L. GREENWOOD,
Auditor Farmers' Loan & Trust Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor; he can procure it for you. Write for our interesting booklet which explains our thirty days free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't, we will.

The Gillette Sales Company, 1102 Times Building, Jan. 1, 1906. References: Any one of our 168,141 satisfied users to our first year in the market.

ACTUAL
SIZE

TRIPLE
SILVER
PLATE

JUST AT present the seed catalog has the call over the six best-sellers.

GUAM'S GOVERNOR reports the natives as "very dirty and highly religious." What becomes of the dictum, "cleanliness is next to godliness?"

It is assuring to learn that there will be "no hiatus in the Panama canal commission." What is wanted is a hiatus in the Isthmus — less talk and more dig.

MILLIONAIRE NELSON of St. Louis says, "it is the hardest work in the world to live up to a big income." Let the Gold Dust twins do your work, Nelson.

A Good Host

aims always to give the best to his guest.



Hunter Baltimore Rye

holds first place fixed because of its

**Maturity,
Purity,
Flavor.**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

**THE IMPROVED
Boston
Garter**

KNOWN AND WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

The NAME is Stamped on Every Loop

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg — Never slips, tears, nor unfetters

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER
or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 50c., mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
ALWAYS EASY

Columbia Mark XLV 35-40 H. P. Gasolene Cars

A surplus of material for every strain, but no excess of material where it is not needed. Every part and piece of chassis from selected stock subjected to the most thorough mechanical and laboratory tests. Exclusive features of unequal merit are: New carburetor; new system of spark and throttle control; new method of releasing compression in starting; new steering mechanism and other improvements adding to efficiency of the motor and ease of control.

COLUMBIA supremacy in body designs and furnishings has never been questioned. We supply the Mark XLV Chassis with the following styles of bodies: Standard Double Side Entrance Tonneau, \$4000; Royal Victoria, \$5000; Double Victoria, \$5000; Landaulet, \$5500; Limousine, \$5500.

Catalogue of Columbia 1905 and 1906 H. P. Gasolene Cars will be sent on request. Also special catalogues of Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
HARTFORD CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO
MEMBER OF A.S.M. LICENSED

PRESIDENT CASTRO says he anticipates no serious trouble between Venezuela and the United States. At this, the people of the southern and gulf states breath easier.



AN EASTER CONTRAST.

Consider the lily, how she grows:
She toils not, neither does she spin;
Yet Solomon with all his clothes
Was not arrayed like Evelyn.

If you need a brace in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

A PERSON named Kitty O'Neil tackled a Japanese hospital attendant recently and threw him a dozen times before she was subdued. When it comes to wrestling, there is nothing like Irish jiu jitsu.

MR. SHONT'S, the new head of the Canal Commission, and President of the Clover Leaf Railway, is to receive a salary from the government of \$30,000 for his services. It was obviously a four leaf clover.

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY

THE LIQUEUR OF POLITE SOCIETY

**LIQUEUR
PÈRES CHARTREUX**
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL, DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bäijer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

**LOW
Rates
Again
To
California**

**\$42.50, \$50.00, \$60.00
FROM NEW YORK**

In Effect Daily to May 10, 1908
Final Limit May 31st

Southern Pacific

ELEGANT PASSENGER STEAMERS
NEW YORK to NEW ORLEANS
thence rail through
Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona.

INQUIRE
Boston, 170 Washington St. Philadelphia, 632 Chestnut St.
New York, 340 Broadway Baltimore, Piper Building,
Syracuse, 129 South Franklin St.

First-Class Hotels and Clubs, on Wheels—The Through Trains of... The New York Central.

SENATOR MCCARREN says it doesn't pay to enforce the Raines law. No; but it pays big money *not* to enforce it.

RUSSIA is now said to be making Pacific proposals to Japan. Good. That is better than having Japan making Arctic proposals to Russia.

IF MR. ROCKEFELLER will give us that \$100,000 we'll build a Church for \$25,000 that will be ready to take the other \$75,000 off his hands in a minute.

MR. JEROME says the average newspaper man does not make a good juror. As the average newspaper man is prosecuting attorney, expert witness, jury and judge all in one, it is too much to ask a high efficiency in one branch.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

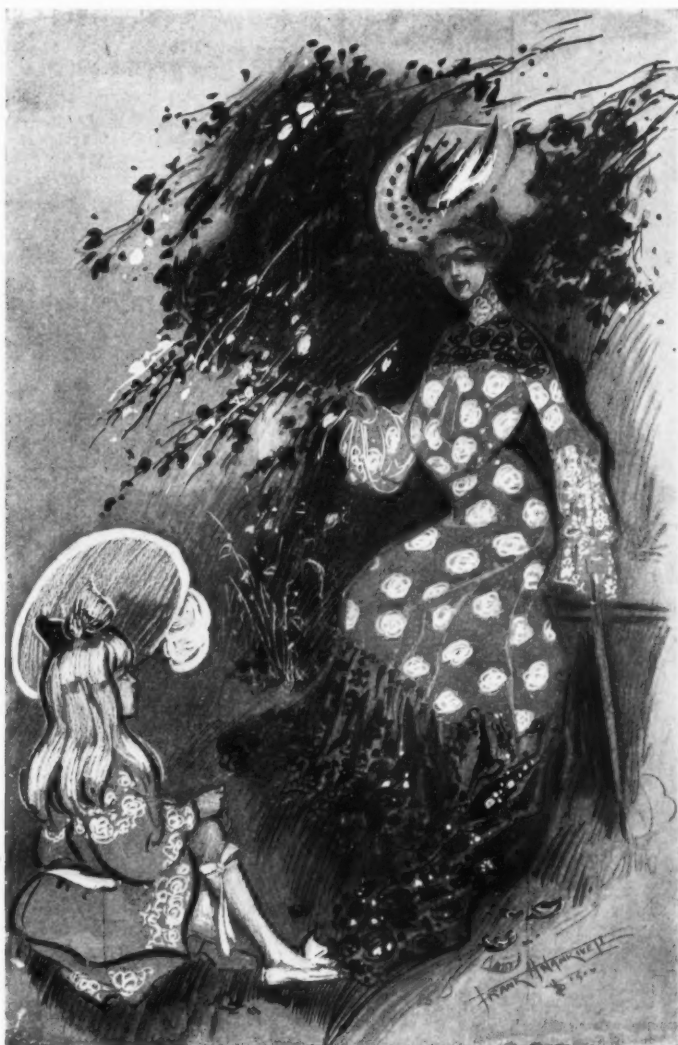
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

All the family derive a lasting benefit from a well seasoned dish. The perfection of seasoning for most dishes is **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.** Cold Meats, Baked Beans, Welsh Rarebit, Fried Oysters, French Dressing and Pot Pies are made more enjoyable by its proper use.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.



THE RULE'S EXCEPTION.

ELSIE.—Aunt Edith, don't listeners *ever* hear good of themselves?

AUNT EDITH.—They say not, Elsie.

ELSIE.—Well, I'm sure Grandpa does. He talks to himself all the time.



IT is impossible to import the private brands of cigarettes used by Turkey's higher court circles; but we have gone a step further and secured the services of Mr. Allan Ramsay, for sixteen years the Turkish government expert, the man who made them.

MURAD CIGARETTES

are Mr. Ramsay's latest and best production—a delicate blend of the finest selected growths of Turkish tobacco. A rare smoke for American connoisseurs.

10 for 15 cents

If your dealer does not handle MURAD Cigarettes, mail 15 cents for a package to Murad Cigarette Dept., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —*Detroit Free Press.*

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —*Boston Times.*

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —*Boston Times.*

Five Volumes, in paper, - \$2.50
" " in Cloth, - 5.00
or separately as follows:
Per Volume, in Paper, - \$0.50
" " in Cloth, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address:

PUCK, New York.



H. C. Bunner

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.

U. S. Gov't Guarantees



Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND

Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded **Grand Prize and Gold Medal** at St. Louis World's Fair. Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

SOLE AGENTS

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"If trouble comes, as come it will,
Don't make a welcome guest of it;
But kick the varmint down the hill,
And try to make the best of it."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S salary from the Standard Oil Company is said to be but \$20,000 a year. There is a tidy difference in John's case, however, between salary and income.

A "WELL-KNOWN DIPLOMATIST" informs the *London Post* that "every one has agreed on peace except the belligerents." It will be recalled that a similar hopeful bulletin was issued at the time the two cats of Kilkenny held their famous argument.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

TO TELL THE TRUTH

HUDSON

THE NATURAL

WHISKEY

IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.

THE HAYES BROS. CO. CINCINNATI - U.S.A.



Puck's Original Drawings

The Original Drawing of any Illustration in PUCK may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present.

A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.

An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of Puck and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.



SUGGESTIVE.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to get back! And so you really dreamed of me every night since I've been away?

MR. NEWLYWED.—Yes, dearest! And then I'd wake up and find it was only a blind slamming, or the alarm clock going off, or something like that, you know.

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET
POWDER
for After Shaving.



Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Chapped hands, Chafing, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

Americans with a discriminating taste prefer

COOK'S CHAMPAGNE *Imperial* Extra dry

Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight.

SERVED EVERYWHERE

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

Our Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are

SIMPLE, STRONG and EASILY

used. They preserve the copies in perfect shape. If PUCK is worth buying, it is worth preserving. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00. U. S. Postage Stamps taken.

Address:
PUCK, New York.

MADE BY
PEARS
IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE JOY OF CHILDHOOD
Any Child—even the Baby—knows when PEAR'S is used in the bath; that's why "he won't be happy 'till he gets it."

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH
PEAR'S SOAP is the pride of youth because it gives that incomparably thorough cleansing and purifying of the skin which has made the PEAR'S COMPLEXION so famous.

THE COMFORT OF OLD AGE
A PEAR'S SOAP COMPLEXION is a defence against the ravages of time. Many a grandmother who has used PEAR'S since childhood is carrying her velvety skin and girlhood complexion into old age.

**A LIFE TIME OF HAPPINESS
FOLLOWS THE CONSTANT USE OF**

PEARS

AWARDED
GOLD
MEDAL
ST. LOUIS
1904

RED TOP RYE

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEW YORK OFFICE
1358 BROADWAY

PURITY
HEALTHFULNESS
BOUQUET

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